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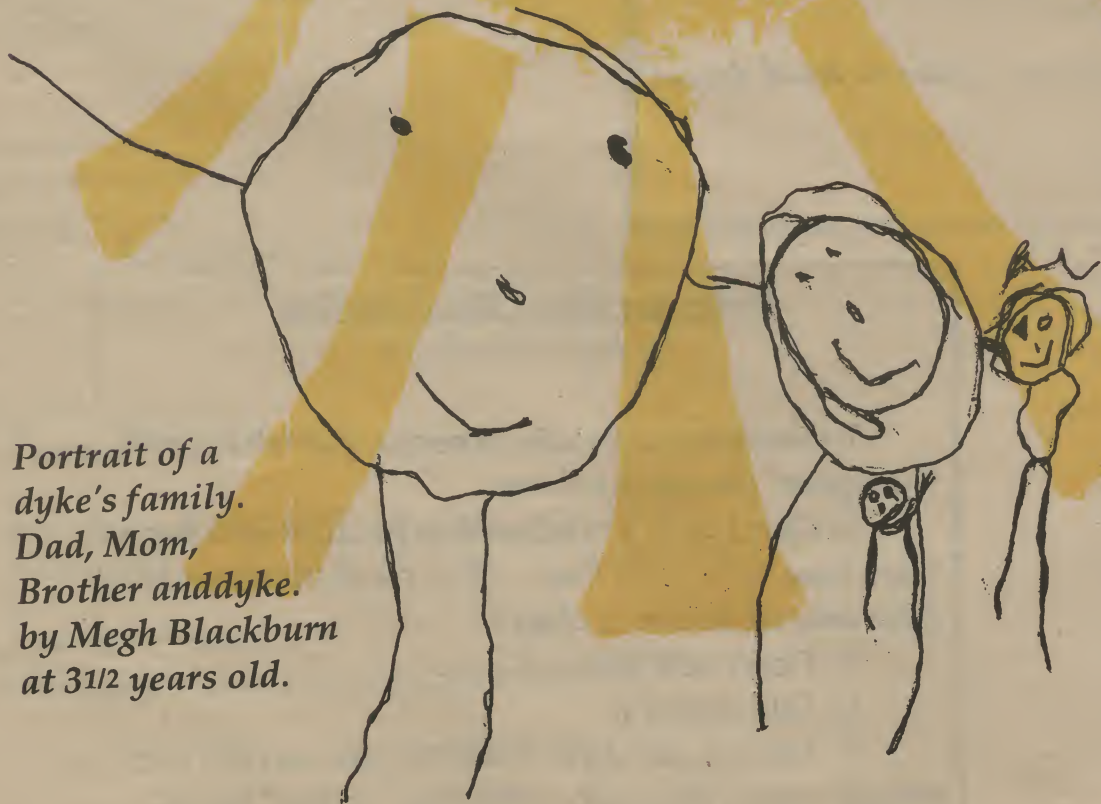
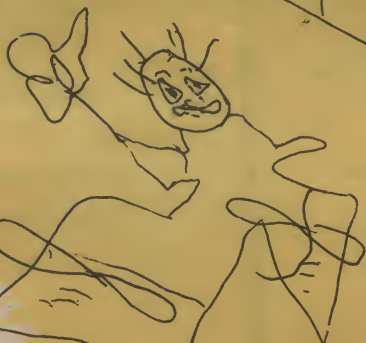
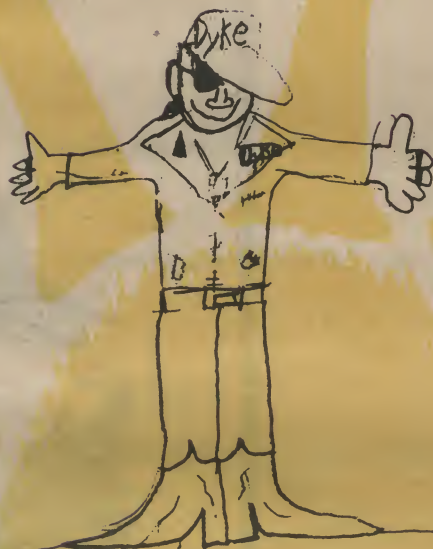
# Emily

THE Emily, 2 C.1

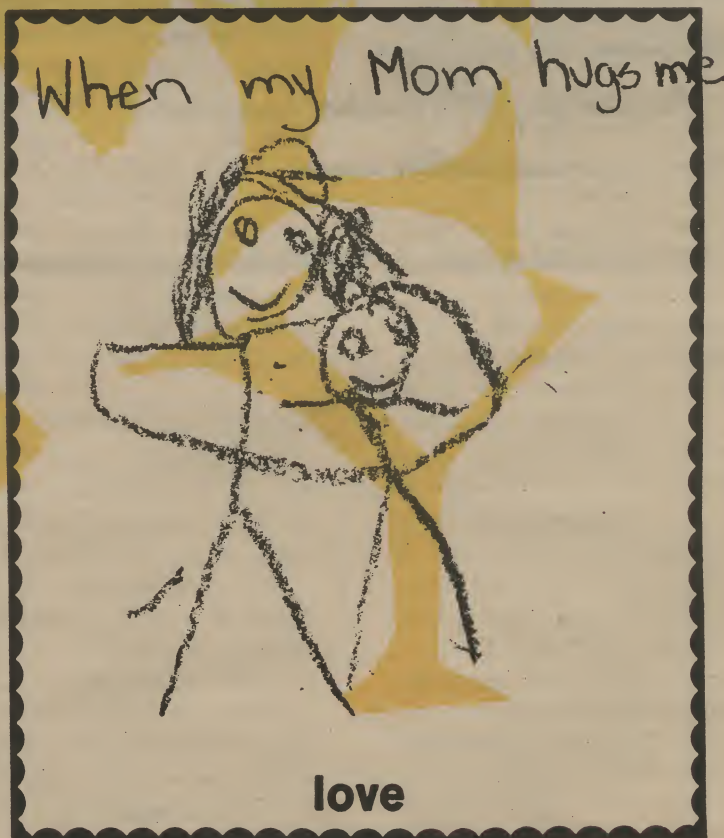
My mom is nice.



by Noah Mitchell



Portrait of a  
dyke's family.  
Dad, Mom,  
Brother and dyke.  
by Megh Blackburn  
at 3 1/2 years old.



by Noah Mitchell



## DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

Women! Try this way to help get relief from functional pain... Why darken your life by submitting to the penalties of functional distress... headaches, nervousness, backaches, debility, and irritability? Try taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription today. Devised by a physician to suit women's delicate organism, its properties may help you to enjoy life as you will like to enjoy it in greater freedom from functional distress with a feeling of normal health and energy every day of the month. Ask your druggist today for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Sold in both liquid and tablet form. Get yours today!

~The Calgary Herald Monday 6, 1992

### The Emily Family

Kelly Babcock  
 Jacqueline Anne Crumney  
 Kirsty Dickson  
 Groggy and her cat Beaster  
 Maegan Garrett  
 Doreen M. Gee  
 Shona H.  
 Lisa J.  
 Karen Max  
 Sarah McCoubrey  
 Jennifer McNeely  
 Shelley Marie Motz  
 Christie Shaw  
 Melanie Stewart  
 S. Renay  
 Leigh Walters  
 Megh Blackburn

### A Special Thanks To

Nataleah Lander  
 &  
 Noah Mitchell

We would like to thank everyone who contributed to and enjoyed the Emily throughout the past year.

p.s. In case you didn't notice there are no Ani DiFranco quotes or hand drawn women's symbols in this issue.



### Rules for Being Recently Out

by Megh Blackburn

1. Come out with tons of books, pamphlets and therapists' phone numbers.
2. Don't be in a relationship because you don't have time to be with them. (You need time to make sure everyone else is okay.)
3. Don't talk about it.
4. Talk about it.
5. Have a uni-dyke mind so you can tell everyone - when they ask - what the "dykes" think.





# CRAZY MAKIN'

i remember

his holding a pillow over my face  
gasping for air/breath/life  
clawing at the pillow/his body/the sheets  
sure i was going to die

i remember

coming downstairs on a sunday morning  
house filled with sunlight/laughter/smell of breakfast  
he's in the kitchen/making donuts/pancakes  
'hello honey/how's my girl/sleep well?

i remember

being 11 years old  
lying under him/again/still  
all hope/fight gone  
'hurry up/i've gotta get to school'

i remember

going to work with him on saturday mornings  
'this is my daughter' he says proudly  
'she loves coming to work with her daddy'  
'i'm gonna be an engineer/just like my daddy/when i grow up'

i remember

lying in bed @ night shaking/cold/alone  
afraid to go to sleep/knowing that nightmares would come  
snakes/spiders/wild boars to run screaming from  
the monster under the bed

i remember

waking up/terrified/screaming into the dark  
'it's okay honey/daddy's here'  
crawling into their bed  
sleep coming only when safe between the two

i remember

my mother sending me next door to play  
a 9-year-old being gang raped by 5 of mom's friends  
coming home/torn apart/disorientated & she meets me @ the door  
'god lisa, your always such a mess/get cleaned up'

i remember

xmas @ our house/the huge tree  
a home filled with candy/shortbread & chocolate  
my mother almost childlike  
in her love of the season

i remember

her grabbing my arm  
beating me with a stick across my shoulders  
raging/screaming/out of control  
'i never should have had you/it's all you fault'

and i try to remember  
other good times

i sit here/and can't believe  
that there aren't any more

that 3 stanzas of poetry  
are what i have to show/as my happy childhood

lisa j

THE emily, 3

## Women's Input Needed for Safety Audits

by Kelly Babcock

Are the buildings and layout of UVic designed to provide the best safety for women and all others on campus? "Safety audits" being conducted of buildings and grounds are examining this question. Judging by participation in one recent audit, the answer to the above question is no.

Imagine this scenario: A woman runs into the front doors of the McKinnon gym and searches desperately for a phone which she expects would be just inside the doors in the foyer, but she cannot see them anywhere. Little does she know, there are phones but they are across the room and around a corner. There is no sign indicating their location...

It is potential scenarios like the one above that the "safety audits" being conducted on campus are attempting to identify.

The audits are being conducted by Traffic & Security, under the Safer Campuses Initiative Sub-committee, currently funded by the University.

I attended a typical safety audit at the McKinnon

cussion was encouraged. I found that listening to others brought up ideas and problems which I would not have considered.

The intended result of the audits is that improvements suggested in the surveys will be made in present buildings and grounds. Though there are practical and monetary limits on what can be changed in existing buildings, the observations made in these audits may also influence the design of future buildings.

Participation of women is imperative given the number of women who feel afraid or uncomfortable in certain areas and can provide valuable observations formed over time of using the campus. The safety audits are one venue where women's voices should be heard. So far, response for the evening audits from students has been minimal. More participation is important to make the audits relevant to the experiences of women on campus.

Though I do believe that the audits are a useful process, I do not believe that they will solve the problem of violence on campus grounds. The design of these buildings are not inherently unsafe, nor are as-

### Upcoming audits include:

|                         |          |
|-------------------------|----------|
| Maclaurin A & D Wings   | April 12 |
| Elliott                 | April 13 |
| Cunningham              | April 18 |
| Petch                   | April 19 |
| Engineering Office Wing | April 24 |

gym in late March. The audit (sadly lacking in student volunteers) was conducted in the evening and covered all areas inside the building and out.

The evening began with a background video and continued with audit questionnaires, filled out as the group walked through the building. A member of the group traveled in a wheelchair so observations about wheelchair access and safety could be made.

Attention was directed at such things as lighting (e.g. Can you identify a face 25 meters away?), signage (Are there signs which direct you to exits, or wheelchair access?), sightlines (Can you see clearly what's up ahead?), isolation (Can you be seen and heard if you call out?), and overall design and maintenance. Opinions and ideas were sought from all participants, and dis-

saults the result of where bushes are planted.

Assaults are committed by people, and it is ultimately a people problem which all the maintenance improvements in the world cannot eliminate. More money and effort could usefully be directed towards solving the causes of violence, rather than the symptoms.

However, in the meantime it may be useful to make it a little harder to hid unseen or to trap someone in an isolated area of a building.

Just as long as we don't pretend it's going to make the problem disappear.

For more information or to participate in an audit, phone Mary-Anne Teo at Traffic and Security, 721-8674. Audits will likely continue twice weekly into June. If you are unable to attend an audit for a building you use often, surveys can be obtained from T&S ☐





# Tourists Just Another John

"Most Americans have come to believe that Hawai'i is as American as hot dogs and CNN News. Worse, Americans assume that if an opportunity arises, they too may make the trip, following along after the empire into the sweet and sunny land of palm trees and hulahula girls. This predatory view of my Native land and culture is not only opposed by increasing numbers of us, it is angrily and resolutely defied. No matter what Americans believe, most of us in the colonies do not feel grateful that our country was stolen, along with our citizenship, our lands and our independent place among the family of nations. We are not happy Natives."

~Dr. Haunani-Kay Trask, From a Native Daughter: Colonialism & Sovereignty in Hawai'i

by Christie Shaw

On March 23, the Uvic Native Students Union brought in Dr. Haunani-Kay Trask who is an environmentalist and an activist for native sovereignty in Hawai'i. When introducing her, a representative of the Native Students Union acknowledged that the University of Victoria is located on Coast Salish land. A point that is rarely brought up. A statement which served to instill respect in white people, like myself, for the accurate ownership of the land.

Dr. Trask, who is the Director of the Centre for Hawaiian Studies at the University of Hawai'i, talked about mass-based corporate tourism as a form of Environmental racism and cultural genocide. She spoke both eloquently and fiercely about the colonization of the Native Hawaiian peoples. About how beginning with the taking of ports and bases in the 18th and 19th centuries, escalating with the second world war, and continuing with superpower nuclearization, toxic dumping, ocean and land mining their islands have been overrun by Europeans, Americans, and Asians.

Dr. Trask talked exclusively about the latest form of exploitation, mass-based corporate tourism. She talked about how Hawai'i suffers perhaps the world's largest number of tourists relative to its land base and population. There are about seven million tourists who visit Hawai'i each year meaning that there are seven tourists for every resident, and 35 tourists for every Native Hawaiian.

She used the metaphor of prostitution to make her message clear. She cited Hawai'i as the prostitute, the state as the pimp and the tourist as the john. The state's job, under the metaphor of cultural prostitution, is to 'beautify' the prostitute

for the specific purposes/ usages of the john. Consequently, the more money the john hands over, the better the "arrangement". As a result, Hawaiians are then forced into selling their culture in the tourist industry through entertaining, waiting on tables and cleaning up after tourists. Thus, a false version of hawaiian culture is manufactured and sold to tourists who are search-

there are ... 35  
tourists for every Native  
Hawaiian

ing for an escapist paradise. She also pointed out that the 'backpacker' was equally responsible for the destruction of her land and peoples as the corporate tourist.

Dr. Trask was very insistent about her work as a native separatist and did not want to hear haole(white) guilt, sympathy, or pleas of "but I'm different...". She merely asked people not to come to Hawai'i and to support her movement towards native sovereignty. Furthermore, she stated that the reason she came to speak to audiences outside of her homeland was to get this message across and ask people to tell their friends. For millions of years the colonizers, of which I am a descendent of, have desecrated her land and people and then have gone on to silence the history of Hawai'i. Hawaiians are not Americans, Asians, or Europeans. They are indigenous people, Native to Hawai'i Nei. Their country is called Hawai'i and their place of origin is the Pacific Basin.

Just as Captains Cook and Vancouver landed on what we refer to as Vancouver Island, they landed on Hawai'i as well. Approximately half a century after contact with the West, rampant disease and death almost identical to the cultural genocide on this island hit the Hawaiian population

which then declined in number by eighty percent.

Dr. Trask was delightful to listen to. She was inspirational, extremely knowledgeable and had a wonderfully sardonic sense of humor. She told wonderful jokes about encouraging tourists to go further into the shark infested waters and about chopping up Captain Cook. "Yeah, we chopped him up, but we didn't eat him...we have better taste than that."

Dr. Trask was the best speaker I've heard this year. She made me

completely rethink my motives behind traveling. Although I've never had any inclination towards Hawai'i, precisely because it is so crowded, I have traveled to India and Nepal which are two more countries that have been devastated by colonialism and continue to be exploited by the tourist industry. ♀

*If you wish to support the Hawaiian sovereignty movement and help fight environmental racism, please urge everyone you know not to visit Hawai'i!!!*



Photo of Dr. Haunani-Kay Trask from the cover of From A Native Daughter: Colonialism & Sovereignty in Hawai'i

## RESPONSE TO YOUR TOUCH

Blowsy and flaccid, your flesh has  
taken on a personality of it's own  
-not unlike that persona you become  
as your male friends appear.  
Your presence is far from fragile.

Yet you have not completely wiped out  
that gentleness which once emitted from  
your actions, it is in your touch.  
In your silent downcast questioning  
of me.

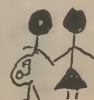
My answers are not  
easily given.  
Nothing I have is,  
any longer.

I instead write (the safest of ways to reveal  
how delicate my balance truly is).

My letters become desires of their own  
volition. They desperately hope your body  
remembers the patience it once had in  
abundance. They fervishly crave that my  
response does not have to be returned in  
clock-time.

Linear perpetuation has little to do with  
how we know one another. Where our  
embrace exists, time never passes.

Jacqueline Ann Crumma





# Lloyd Axworthy's Hidden Agenda:

## Punishing the Most Vulnerable for the Crimes of Power

### Personal Statement to Emily Newspaper

Doreen M. Gee, B.Sc.

My name is Doreen Marion Gee.

This story focuses on an unpleasant reality: That the brutal actions of Axworthy's Student Assistance Branch in Ottawa have reduced the life of an exceptional graduate - myself - to a daily living hell. The aggressive and ruthless tactics of the Canada Student Loans office have compromised my life and devastated my health to the point where I have no optimism or hope left. No law or piece of legislation can justify such inhumanity towards an individual. I am angry at such blatant and unnecessary mistreatment from Ottawa.

In 1991, I graduated "with distinction" in the top 7% of graduates, earning a first-class Bachelor of Science and many scholarships for academic achievement. But, faced with an unmanageable debt load with no hope of a reprieve from Ottawa, the future looks grim. Unfortunately, due to a medical condition, I've been unemployed and living on a poverty income. To make matters even worse, Canada Student Loans has relentlessly pursued me for payment, making my life a constant daily pressure cooker that never lets up. I am a 43-year-old woman, single, and financially poor and presently being bullied and harassed by Axworthy's department and their collection agency. Canada Student Loans are well aware of my

*"A government devoid of compassion is no longer a 'government'. It is a mockery."*

negative life circumstances and that I have no ability to make any kind of payment. They also know that my medical condition is exacerbated by stress. Yet, despite this knowledge, they continue to pressure me for money I do not have. Their actions are unconscionable and morally repugnant.

I have an outstanding Canada Student Loan debt. In April, 1994, I wrote to C.S.L. Program in Ottawa, requesting forgiveness of the debt, due to severe financial hardship and in recognition of my excellent academic record. The letter

was given a callous brush-off. My situation has never been given due consideration. My request for forgiveness of the debt on humanitarian grounds has been denied over and over again. In October, 1994, I wrote Lloyd Axworthy himself, stating that the worry of this debt is "ruining my life". I received an indifferent response back from Mr. Thériault, a departmental assistant, essentially stating that they will not help me. In my letter, I proposed amendments to their legislation to help graduates like myself. These were completely ignored and never mentioned in their reply.

For the past year, I've talked to people in Ottawa and I've written letters, trying to work out a solution, but they refuse to listen or negotiate. I cannot pay this debt, but they won't hear the truth. They treat me like I'm trying to avoid something and I am not trying to avoid anything. My hardship is real. I asked about giving them a settlement and their answer was a cold "NO". I've tried to make them hear me and they've turned a deaf ear. They have left me no options. My plea for humanitarian action has been met with contempt. And Ottawa has mercilessly and cruelly pressured me for payment, when I have a hard time even living on my income.

The tactics of the Student Loans Branch in Ottawa are ruthless and arbitrary. No "just" society can condone such behaviors. To go after a student who can pay but refuses to, is understandable. But to pressure me when I have no means of paying them, is simply sadistic. On October 14, 1994, I spoke with Caroline Donahue, who then was the B.C. representative for the Ottawa programs. With my financial statement in front of her, showing my expenses exceeding my income, she was still demanding payment. I rest my case.

Because of a very few dishonest students, Ottawa is taking aggressive action towards all graduates, including the honest majority who, like myself, have never abused the system. This is arbitrary and unjust. I have been extremely cooperative and honest with the bank and the Student Loans Dept. in Ottawa from the start. Obviously, I am a victim of cruel political scapegoating. What incenses me is that I have not received the same honesty back. The Royal Bank never sent me a formal demand letter stating

my account was in arrears. I was never given the required 15 days to respond. At times, Ottawa did not respond to my attempted contacts, by letter and phone. In a letter to Ms. Donahue on June 28, 1994, I literally pleaded with her to please not turn my account over to a collection company and not to pressure me any more for money I do not have. She completely ignored my requests and my account was sent to a collection company and the pressure for payment continued from her office. Never before in my life have I ever encountered such uncompromising and unrelenting treatment from an agency. The actions of the Student Assistance Branch have been willfully cruel and are contrary to the spirit in which the original assistance was given.

Ottawa has penalized me for being poor. In October, 1994, I started getting phone calls at 8:00 AM from Total Credit Recovery, Ottawa's collection company in Richmond, B.C. I was victimized by their staff who wouldn't tell me who they were and asked personal questions. They tried to intimidate me with false accusations. And I have done nothing wrong. I am just poor and in need. No human being should have to go through this, espe-

cially an excellent student like myself who earned the respect of all my professors while at UVIC. Soon, this company will try to harass me all over again. There is no reprieve from this nightmare. Because of the inflexible position of Ottawa, I am now forced to consider bankruptcy. Ottawa has given me no choice. I will now have to go through a serious legal procedure that will affect my life for 6 years. It is obscene that Ottawa has forced me to this conclusion.

Lloyd Axworthy's office needs to wake up and face reality. There are many students like myself who, through no fault of their own, face serious financial hardship upon graduation. Things did not work out the way I expected. What is badly needed is a "forgiveness" provision in the legislation, regarding Canada Student Loans, for graduates who demonstrate very real and serious financial hardship. There needs to be leniency here, for humanitarian reasons. What is important is the person used the assistance well and worked hard at university, making them a good "risk" for a reprieve from Ottawa. I believe that I am a good risk and a good investment in the future. But Ottawa has turned its back

on its investment. That is pathetic and a sad indictment of the times.

I cannot pay this debt. It is unmanageable. I need a break from this great worry and in my letter to Axworthy, I proposed changes to their policy to accommodate the needs of students in financial difficulty. There is only one problem: Lloyd Axworthy cares only about public opinion and not about the needs of graduates like myself. Perhaps if our federal government went after the real villains, like large corporations, and made them pay their fair share, then the brunt of the deficit would not go onto the shoulders of those least able to pay, like myself. And we'd get a much-needed break. That won't happen, because there is no justice in Ottawa these days.

A government devoid of compassion is no longer a "government". It is a mockery.

Sincerely-  
Doreen M. Gee, B.Sc.,  
Psychology

P.S. I would like to thank the staff of the Emily for providing me with a forum to express my views. And a special thank you to Sarah for your understanding. I would like to invite any students having similar repayment problems to please contact me through the Emily newspaper. ♀





My body is inundated.  
Voices of ancestral women reside in its bones,  
in its sinew.  
They command me to speak more slowly,  
to repeat myself with fervour.  
"Speak slowly," they say.  
"Repeat yourself."  
It is best.  
People will listen."

My body is taken over,  
subsumed by an army of European women,  
each claiming a percentage of my blood.  
I raise an arm.  
They are there.  
I lift a foot or turn a hip.  
They are there.  
They lurk beneath my tongue.  
They race recklessly inside my sternum.  
I cannot be responsible for what is done at their behest.  
They command me.  
"Speak with more fervour."  
Repeat yourself slowly.  
It is better.  
People can understand."  
So I clothe myself in drama,  
adopt their thick and languid speech.

My body is quick to assume the geography of Europe.  
But, oh - it is a difficult shape to hold.  
This arm, it is Russia.  
It is strong,  
solid enough to support my poems.  
This arm, it is German.  
It wields anger and deals blows  
and it is a difficult shape to hold.  
"Speak slowly," they say.  
"Slower, or they will not understand."

This leg, it dissents.  
It is fleet and it can run.  
At the mention of conformity,  
it runs.  
This leg, it is privileged  
and it stands,  
and believes it can stand -  
unresisted - forever.

"Repeat yourself.  
No one understands."

My body assumes the shape of a continent of women -  
breathing and loving and fearing and hating, fiercely.  
My body changes shape,  
carries the blood of a continent of women.

"Be cautious.  
Speak slowly.  
Repeat yourself."

My calves carry the Ukraine.  
These muscles are only happy when dancing.  
They are happiest when escorted in red leather.  
They leap, then.  
But, careful - they conceal a whip.  
I warn you.  
Be careful. They conceal...

My heart is the heart of a gypsy  
and it commands my arm to write  
and it commands my calves to dance  
and it is the voice conducting  
the choir of ancestral beings  
singing with my tongue.

The women sing,  
"Your heart commands.  
You leap into the air  
and you are buoyant,  
made buoyant by strong and powerful calves,  
like a strong and powerful army,  
you push against the air."

I repeat myself.  
My heart is the heart of a gypsy  
and it will no longer be silent.  
It will no longer be silenced.

by Shelley Marie Motz

## A Death in the Family

Leigh J. Walters

"Energy can never be created  
or destroyed. Energy may be  
transformed from one form to  
another..."

On an early October  
evening in 1993, my phone  
rang. It's amazing how  
quickly your life, heart, identity  
can change.

"Hi Leigh, it's Shane..."  
"hi...what's wrong?"

Shane, what is it?  
Silence, then tears, more  
words.

"I'm at the hospital, it's  
Dad..."

"WHAT IS IT?"  
"He has leukemia..."

8 months later, my father  
died. He waited until he  
could say good-bye to my  
mother on her birthday. My  
thoughts and my grief would  
come long after he died in my  
arms.

I CANNOT STOP THIS!  
no words no touch will  
warm this corpse  
no love will ground his

soul  
my tears are nothing but  
annoyingly wet.

what remains of him (of  
me) is Love  
that's what he's given

me  
enough of it to let him  
go.

"I'm here Dad and I  
Love You.

It's o.k. to leave, we'll be  
fine.

You're going to a better  
place and it's o.k. to go.

Let go Dad  
I'm right here  
and I Love You.

Feminists have criticized  
the "nuclear family" and

with good reason. But none of  
this means anything to me  
now, a daughter/son. My  
feminist therapist would tell  
me that my mother is unhealthy  
for me. She is dead wrong.  
My family (mother, lover,  
brother, sister-in-law, cat) is  
all that has kept me alive,  
made me able to look Grief  
in the face. Feminist theory  
and feminism has not.

I'm writing this little bit  
of experience for anyone who  
wonders what family is, for  
any woman who feels torn  
between their politics and their  
heart, for any woman who's  
lost, is losing, or will lose  
someone they consider to be  
part of their family. I've found  
Love and Family in Death. I  
think that grief is a gift: in it  
there is pain, violence, abandonment  
(by both the living and the dead),  
and despair. But there is also  
the discovery of Life and the  
ability to Love. Whatever we  
call "family" all of us will  
experience these things and I  
think that it is one of the most  
painful and amazingly joyous  
experiences a person can have.  
Maybe it's even a prerequisite  
to Life...

None of this means that I  
have been able to survive this  
journey. It's just beginning,  
and it's like falling off a cliff  
and wondering if there's a  
safety net. I have learned that  
when someone who Loves me  
wants some of my time, I  
should give it because the  
chance is gone too quickly. I've  
also learned that strength does  
not mean not crying, nor does  
it mean running from Love.  
But all of these lessons have  
come at a price... ♀

nat/girl child growing

pele/volcano firing upwards  
lava flow & fiery temper/not  
yet land

like tuning fork/can be set  
screaming  
ears ache from distress

no beauty on a ramp  
sword in hand/jaunty & jock-  
like

pomegranate dripping  
blood  
bitter seed of night oozing

cool stance staring  
"how rude"

she cascades my essence  
waterfall coming home

lisa j

### Grandmother

Her belly, the sun that  
pulled her like the earth  
around it,  
the Buddha-smile of a woman  
bursting.  
Seven times  
her skin would pull and stretch  
to cast forth a tiny bud  
on the end of an umbilical cord  
never broken,  
(mutual blood rushing backwards  
to fill her with their pain and joy)  
as the children grew,  
a part from her.

Jennifer McNeely

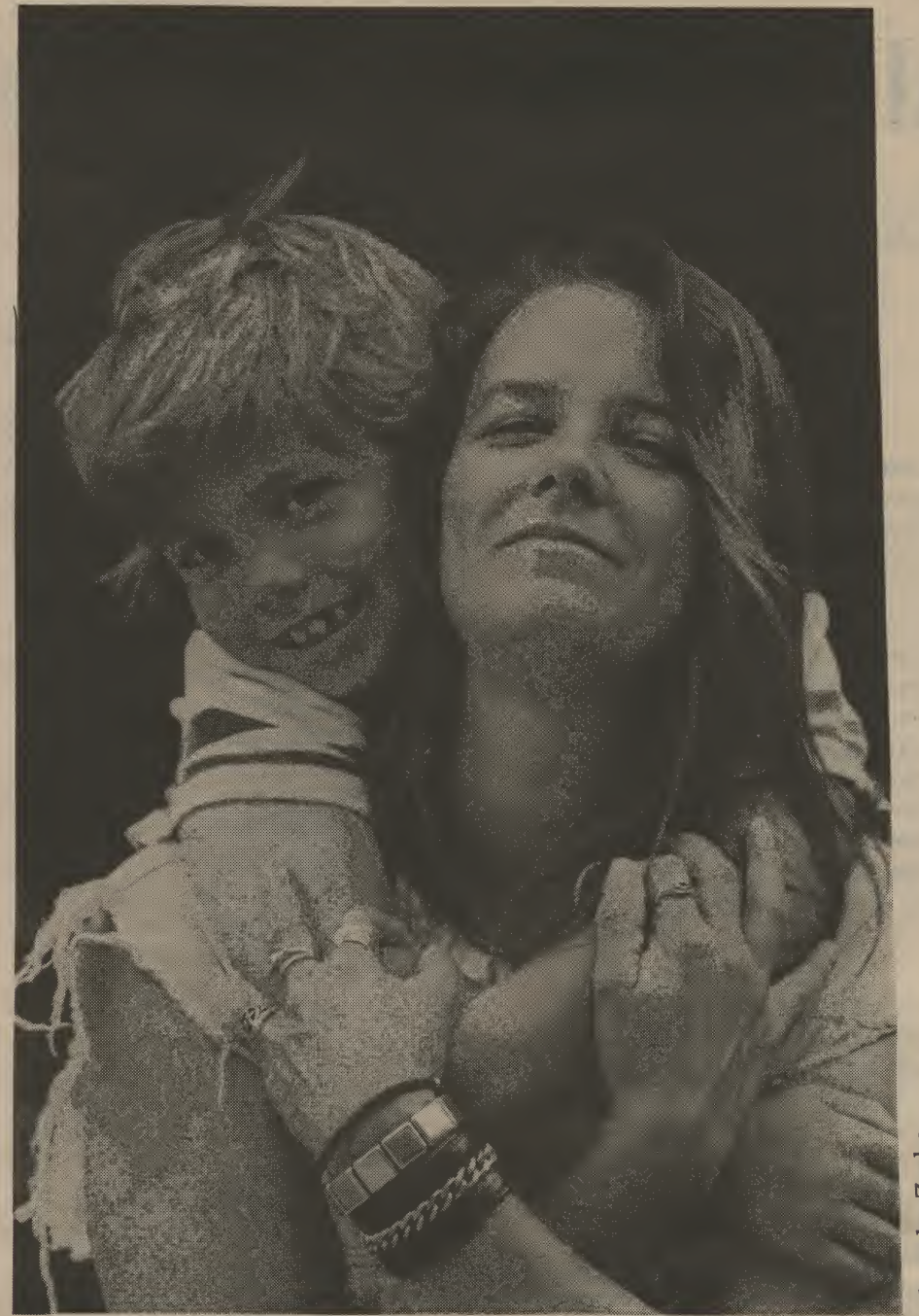


photo by Zeebo

## Betrayal, or What I Thought My

by Jacqueline Anne Crummev

There are some things your Mother does not tell  
you. These happen to be the exact same things that  
when she finally does tell you, you froth over with  
horror into nervous helplessness. Then, later, after  
the horror subsides a bit (never entirely) your mood  
changes. Quiet burbling, toiling resentment surfaces.  
Add a touch of betrayal, a dash of salty weeping and  
you end up with a good, old-fashioned brew of self-  
pitying dankness.

This isn't to say that your Mother hasn't browbeat  
her very own self into morally sanction submission,  
on the occasion. But, this is more along the line of 'oh-  
my-god, how-could-you-not-tell-me, what-were-you-  
thinking, how-could-you-hide-such-exciting-filth-  
from-me-in-the-first-place', which, upon reflection,  
sounds a little as though it should come from your  
mother's mouth, not yours. So, where... oh yes, be-  
trayal. Betrayal. No longer the code word to signify  
'the other woman', or 'what the boyfriend did last  
night'. No this flavor of indignation is one of a

herstorical pronouncement. You see, this is what hap-  
pened...

About a month ago or so, I was out in the wee hours  
of the morn. Wee hours you say? How wee? Two  
a.m. wee, kind of a creepy time to be alone on the cor-  
ner of Moss and Fort streets, in the dark... in the pour-  
ing rain. Anyways, there I was unloading my groceries  
(where the groceries came from at this time of night  
is another tale). Protagonist in the story, me, is wear-  
ing a skirt and dress shoes. You know the kind of  
shoes- soles sooo very slippery, thin leather uppers,  
heels worn away to nothing.

So there I am, five bags of groceries in my hands,  
and suddenly I think I hear something. Nah, I tell  
myself, it's nothing. So around I turn and, oohh. Noth-  
ing is definitely Something, with a capital S! Directly  
behind me is a very tall, very large, man. As I turned  
around I sucked back my breath in fear. And, mind  
you, fear this definitely is. Then he laughs. He laughs  
this low, maniacally-twisted laugh. Just like in the  
movies.

I'm standing there, my heart racing, and I think,  
"what does he want, is he going to hurt me, he better

not take my groceries —they cost fifty bucks." But,  
just then I look down. I look down at him, at his body  
and see what he is doing. He is masturbating. He is  
masturbating, at me. He is masturbating right at ME.

I'm stunned. I'm shocked. Frankly I'm puzzled  
and nauseated. And then, coming out of some deep  
recess of myself (one that I forgot about, or may be  
never even knew existed) I am angry. And, hoo boy,  
am I ever angry. So, I open my mouth to scream. But,  
no scream. This contributes to my growing anger, in-  
deed at this point I will now name it RAGE. My rage  
sputters and chokes. It seems determined to stay di-  
luted with fear, but just in time, injustice heaves it out  
of my stomach, up my esophagus, past my larynx and  
out my mouth. This concoction of rage/fear/injus-  
tice does not sound like any noise I have ever heard  
my body utter. Not even the time I slammed my left  
index finger in the trunk of mom's '74 rust-colored  
two-door Maverick. And believe me, that was pain-  
ful.

So, anyhow, out comes this primal coarse bellow-  
ing. Then, before I knew what was happening, my  
body lurches towards the guy, swinging my five white-

plastic tin-filled bags of groceries. Finally as though  
my actions dislodge them, my words emerge.  
"NO!NO!NO!NO!NO!NO! NOYOU GODDAMNED  
FUCKING SON OF A BITCH!", I scream. And the  
guy starts to run. In fact, he runs faster than anyone I  
have ever seen run before. And I run after him. I run  
after him screaming at the top of my voice, "YOU BET-  
TER FUCKING RUN. YOU BETTER FUCKING RUN  
YOU FUCKER. YOU BETTER NOT LET ME CATCH  
YOU, CAUSE IF I CATCH YOU I AM GOING TO  
FUCKING KILL YOU, YOU FUCKING SON OF A  
BITCH!", all the while wielding my groceries. Swing-  
ing them as the gladiators did their metal-spiked balls  
on sticks.

The next day my Mom and Dad pop by for a visit.  
My friend Krista has spent the night. My parents stand  
awkwardly in the hall, as they always do when they  
come by. Only when I say I have something terrible  
to tell them, do they venture inside my dwelling.

After I tell them the edited version of my story (no  
swearing, and the time changed to midnight) I get  
the reaction I expected. My father blurts out, "You  
didn't have curtains on your windows last summer

You should always have curtains!" My Mother wrings  
her hands and implores me to tell her what possessed  
me to be out at that time of night. Then it happens.

My Mother ushers me into the kitchen and starts  
to whisper. "IT happened to me, you know. IT hap-  
pened when I was sixteen, twice.", and proceeds to  
tell me the particulars. I'm listening to her story (all  
about IT), really I am, but at the same time the screech-  
ing voice of the me behind my clenched teeth and lips  
is starting to reverberate in my head: "What?! What  
do you mean, 'you know'. No I do not know, how the  
hell could I? Actually, Mother, when I asked you last  
week after my neighbor had the same 'IT' happen to  
her (at 6:00 a.m., a block away, on her way to work), I  
phoned and talked to you. I asked if you ever had  
anything like this happen. You said NO."

And so now, a long while after my mother's per-  
sonal confession in my kitchen, my reaction has faded.  
Indignation has softened in my kitchen, my reaction  
has faded. Indignation has softened to a slight gudge,  
and even that my languish. You see, I phoned my sis-  
ter a few nights later, sobbing and angry. I was angry  
that mom never told us about the rotten things men do

in the world. I was mad that she never talked to us  
about sex, or birth control, or the mating habits of talk-  
ing cats, or any kind of pervers sexual offense that may  
befall women in our world. Why didn't she protect us,  
the way we needed protection. But she did, at least,  
she did what she could.

By not telling us her experience, and only meagerly  
alluding to 'things' that could happen when girls were  
alone, she was protecting us. She was protecting us  
from fear. Fear, that all-powerful immobilizing factor  
that renders women aphasic —in other words 'shuts  
us up and shuts us down'. What she kept silent didn't  
only not prepare us for the future, it kept her assault  
(yes, a man masturbating at you, when you don't want  
him to, is assault) hidden. Perhaps it even kept her  
from healing from it, I know she is still fearful. But  
what she did do, was try to keep our minds and emo-  
tions free of fear. It may not be the best route for effec-  
tive 'safe-keeping' of children, but I don't fault her for  
it. In fact, I love her even more —for trying to give me  
something she herself did not have, a fearless adoles-  
cence and womanhood. And that is not betrayal, that  
is fierce mother-love loyalty. ♀





# HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURES:

## Why I Say No to Daisys have

by Kelly Babcock

9:10 a.m. - I arrive at the Gordon Head Complex at a hopefully quiet time, displaying my student card to the unsuspecting staff. I slip into the women's change room, and, with an air of casualness, look from side to side, scanning the area for a quiet corner... Soon I am walking down the hallway with false carelessness, approaching the big blue double doors. Why does my heartbeat quicken with some slight trepidation? Because though I know it shouldn't matter... my hairy legs are about to storm the gym.

Before swimming, wearing shorts or a skirt, or appearing partially naked anywhere, I too grew up obeying the divine law: Thou Shalt Be Shaved. I knew what would befall me if I transgressed this unspoken (and frequently spoken) rule; literal contempt and disgust from those around me, male and female. I certainly did not dare to show such a 'lack of good taste'.

Many years later, after I began seeing a few women with (gasp!) unshaved body hair, it began to seem like not such a foreign, distant idea. In fact, the idea didn't seem bad at all, and I wished I had the guts to do it myself. It was a gradual process, but eventually I thought I'd try it for a while and see if I liked it. I have since completely retired my shaving apparati.

So, you think, your legs will appear... unkempt or even repulsive? Perhaps others' experience is different than mine, but I never found that

shaving itself actually brought me any admirers. And what will people think? Personally, if someone would actually refuse to be seen with me because I had hair on my legs or armpits, (perhaps they fear my unshaved parts will cause some injury to them?) I wouldn't want to go out with them anyway.

What anyone shaves or doesn't shave is not even the issue. The issue is not having a free choice about what should be such a simple matter. It is about taking back some control over my own body. It shouldn't be such a big deal, but we've been socialized into thinking what a bad, ugly thing hair is. Why else should I feel silly writing about hair, of all things? And yet, what is there to be ashamed of? Why

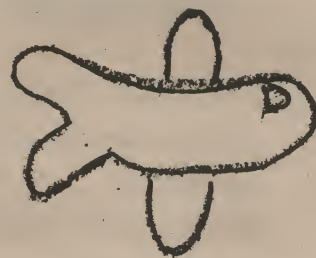


should I have to pretend I don't have hair (what the hell is wrong with hair anyway?) where everybody knows I do? (And they know I do because it's something they grow too.)

It's not necessarily easy, but I have found that accepting my body with hair as something beautiful just the way it is, is a powerful step towards unlearning the dislike women are taught to feel for our own bodies. ♀

## WHAT MAKES YOU..

My dolphin is too big for my bath. His name is Andre.



angry

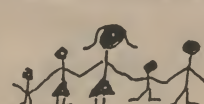
Drawing by Noah Mitchell

### SPAGHETTI-FACE

A middle-aged man—greasy hair, thick glasses and plastic K-mart shoes with shit smeared across the side—lights a cigarette and smokes it like a polyester T.V. detective. He holds it near the end of his dirty, nail-bitten fingers, one eye closed as the smoke crawls up the side of his flacid, canned-spaghetti-fed face. Looking around him he sees an attractive woman waiting for the bus and grins, wrapping his lips seductively around his cigarette. He moves into her, pointing the shit-covered shoe towards her and cocks his head back in a smooth exhale.

"So," he says like he had suddenly found himself next to a blow-me-up doll with a sign around her neck that said "Free with any McDonald's Big Mac Coupon", "You must be one of those university students, heh?". He grins again at his manly charm. The woman, smiles shyly, *Though shall not offend* is repeated in her mind. She turns her head to avoid his gaze but she is helpless as he slobbers on her body, pulling at her breasts and plunging his half-limp penis into her while she keeps her head down, tolerating the public embarrassment, just hoping that he will go away soon. He does, strutting a few yards away to lean against a garbage can, fucking other attractive women as they walk by.

-by Jennifer McNeely





# THANKS SAM!

The Emily would like to take this opportunity to put our tongues to our cheeks and thank the soon-to-be-former Vice-President Academic, Sam Scully, for his years of dedication to women's issues on campus. His relentless efforts to better the climate for women has been especially appreciated by women in the political science department.

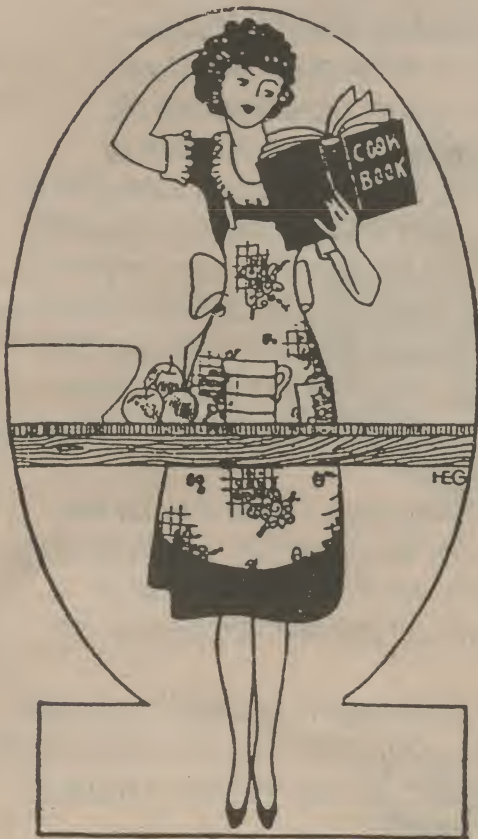
Though he will be sadly missed as one of our hallowed leaders, his return to the department of classics has long been anticipated. The attitudes characterized by Hippolytus led to Scully's invaluable insights and his effectiveness in dealing with equity issues.

Despite a barrage of supportive letters from such groups as the UVSS, the Faculty Womens' Caucus, the Canadian Association of University Teachers (C.A.U.T.), as well as complimentary profiles in prominent newspapers, our beloved Sam has decided that now is the time to move on. His absence will be lamented by all those whose lives he affected. And so, once again we'd like to say; *THANKS SAM!! ♀*

## Janet's World Famous Banana Bread

some flour  
a pinch of baking powder  
a tiny bit of soda  
not too much salt  
a dab of shortening  
lots of sugar  
a couple eggs  
ten mashed bananas  
enough cinnamon to tickle your tongue

Mix flour, powder, soda, salt, cinnamon. Cream shortening, add sugar. Gradually add eggs and flour and alternate with bananas. Grease flour tins. Bake in an oven that's hot as a Mid-August day in Alabama for as long as it takes to read this issue of the Emily (again!).



# DO NOT TRY THIS AT HOME

10 TIPS ON TREATING YOUR HUSBAND  
(Source: 1950's Home Economics Book)

1. **Have dinner ready.** Plan ahead, even the night before, to have a delicious meal - on time. This is a way of letting him know that you have been thinking about him and are concerned about his needs. Most men are hungry when they come home and the prospect of a good meal are part of the warm welcome needed.
2. **Prepare yourself.** Take 15 minutes to rest so you will be refreshed when he arrives. Touch up your makeup, put a ribbon in your hair and be fresh looking. He has just been with a lot of work weary people. Be a little gay and a little more interesting. His boring day may need a lift.
3. **Clear away the clutter.** Make one last trip through the main part of the house just before your husband arrives, gathering up school books, toys, paper, etc. then run a dust cloth over the tables. Your husband will feel he has reached a haven of rest and order, and it will give you a lift too.
4. **Prepare the children.** Take just a few minutes to wash the children's hands and faces, comb their hair and, if necessary, change their clothes. They are little treasures and he would like to see them playing the part.

5. **Minimize all noises at the time of his arrival,** eliminate noises of washer, dryer, dishwasher or vacuum. Try to encourage the children to be quiet.
6. **Be happy to see him.** Greet him with a warm smile and act glad to see him.
7. **Some don'ts:** Don't greet him with problems or complaints. Don't complain if he's late for dinner. Count this as minor compared with what he might have gone through that day.
8. **Make him comfortable.** Have him lean back into a comfortable chair or suggest he lie down in the bedroom. Have a cool or warm drink ready for him. Arrange his pillow and offer to massage his neck and shoulders and take off his shoes. Speak in a soft soothing, pleasant voice. Allow him to relax - to unwind.
9. **Listen to him.** You may have a dozen things to tell him, but the moment of his arrival is not the time. Let him talk first.
10. **Make the evening his:** Never complain if he does not take you out to dinner or to other places of entertainment. Instead, try to understand his world of strain and pressure, his need to be home and relax.

**GOAL:** Try to make your home a place of peace and order when your husband can "renew himself in body and spirit." ♀

A beaming Feminist Historian, Annalee Golz in her grade 9 home Ec. class taking great pride in her salad place setting.



Despite the cult of domestic sciences, women like Annalee Golz have broken free and moved on to be radical feminists

this is satire. this is satire. this is satire.

this is satire. this is satire. this is satire.





Illumination

The clock reads 2:19  
It illuminates my room.

I stare into the blackness  
feather touch, a breeze whispers.  
Longing to walk.  
Her whiteness hangs overhead  
their triangular shape is outlined  
a hushed rustle  
interrupts the nights stillness.

An ancient storm remembered  
with clouds that rushed  
crashing violently  
a clap shook the ground.  
And I stood alone in the field  
Smitten by the blue-gray dance above me  
No fear,  
for then I was a young girl.

The window tightly secure  
I lay awake, mind spinning  
Longing for freedom  
Too scared,  
for now I am a womyn.

The clock reads 2:22  
It illuminates my room.

Shona H.

Sister

What happens  
after awhile  
to the he said  
he did what's  
and the lies  
oh whys  
we share  
through choking tears  
again and again  
what happens to the  
throat lumps  
and the scalpel fears  
blood that disappears  
dumped  
disposed  
to where?  
Sister be strong  
this is your song  
spirals and dips  
and trips  
we'll come  
back up  
together.

Karen Max

My Sickness

Some days I hate me  
The mirror reveals too much imperfection  
I stuff to forget.

Scars and wrinkles  
Dimples and rolls  
Aging is not a hardship  
rather the decay of my being.

Some days I get sick  
of being a girl.  
Enslaved to my pink scale.  
Some days I get sick  
of this manipulation.

S. Renay

Boy friend

He doesn't like it  
that I wear myself on the outside  
like dirt  
soiled  
and soiling him  
as I grind against his ignorance

He finds it grating  
that I make love while hating  
as I bring him coming  
away.

Karen Max



Hips

my grandfather raped my mom & now  
she lives in my hips  
occupies the space between  
my pelvic bones/I can feel her pressing  
against the inside part of my thighs.

when she is hungry I  
feed her. Sandwiches  
apple crumble hot creamy  
drinks and soups...sweet  
salty sour savory things  
that fill up the empty space  
she takes up.

today, today is a good  
day. my body moves well.  
But please don't ask me  
to try on those pants.

yesterday, well that wasn't  
such a good day. My body  
was a slug, slow leaving all  
my baggage in a stream of  
irritatingly consistent slime that  
dragged behind me like my ass,  
like my thighs, like the convex of  
my stomach. Attracting attention  
like a slide show, a carnival, the  
vomit trapped in a school bus  
that repels and intrigues all who smell it.

my baggage, i take it with me  
like i'm on vacation. i open it only  
when i'm alone otherwise it  
would all fall out, exposing me.

my baggage is a carpet bag like  
Mary Poppins' only old and musty,  
smelling of my mother's hidden  
desires.

Christie Shaw





# A Call To Writing

This article reprinted from the April 1993 issue of *the Emily*.

by Melanie Stewart

I write. And as I do so, I force my way through a thick, densely forested region, a wild enclosure in which I claw and spit, and grasp for the air that hangs thick and humid. Never enough. Air.

I write. And as I do so, I raise my sharp knife to the foliage, stubborn and tough, with vines twisting their way to fill every available inch. Struggling to clear, to dislodge, to make room, I move slowly and willfully, extending my arms now to reach a growth above me, now to hurl the leafy debris away.

I write. And as I do so, I begin to see a clearing develop, a gap in the jungle, a respite from the density. I can slowly unclench the fist that has gripped so tightly my weapon, and breathe the coolness of space unencumbered. Space unfilled. I look around and I can see you; you with your unspoken words and your unwritten text. You, with your own knife hanging at your side waiting for you. Waiting for us.

\*\*\*

*The Emily* has been in publication for twelve years. It is symbolic of similar efforts by thousands of women around the world to create spaces for expression unmediated by patriarchal culture. It is a newspaper for women by women about women's lives. It is ours, and its potential is limited only by the enthusiasm with which it is received, and the commitment with which it is produced.

Yet, *The Emily* remains a small, marginalized paper which is constantly under

threat of complete destruction. No money. No equipment. No facilities. It lives the kind of hand-to-mouth existence that has become the tired cliché of feminist periodicals. It is only for the women's community and it is not important. Recipes and the like...And anyway, no one is interested. No submissions.

Where are the women writers of UVic? Have our heads been so buried beneath a stack of geography texts in the McPherson Library that we have internalized the "Shhh!" sign? Are we so completely satisfied with the silky, lyric tones of *The Martlet* that we can only aspire to a far-off fantasy of one day submitting a letter to the editor? Are we basking in post-feminist rhetoric and heaving sighs of relief that it's all over?

I don't think so. I think there are many reasons why you, like me, haven't written for *The Emily*, for any other publication, perhaps even for yourself. Somehow, the act of writing remains one of great mystique, reserved for the privilege of "The Artist" who, in (sic.) his tortured state manages to capture in one finely crafted image not only the meaning of life and the infinite beauty of nature, but (un)intentionally, the essence of violence through language in our culture. And who are we to pollute "Literature" with our trivialities, our "simple" pleasures, our menstrual blood, our anger? And what tool do we have to do so anyway? A phallogentric language that orders our thoughts and binds our imaginations? And who is the "we" anyway? Why would "we" who have been so defined, so essentialized, want to exclude ourselves further by espousing

the glories of some mythical "feminine voice," in a newspaper that perpetuates our marginalization?

Yet, I believe the alternative silence and complicity in the decay of newspapers like *The Emily* is far more dangerous. It is the danger of silence; of being seen but not heard. It is biting our tongues and strangling our minds. It is self annihilation.

\*\*\*

This is a call to writing. It is an attempt to stress the importance of giving ourselves and other women the permission to write and to be read. The women who have been contributing to, editing, and supporting newspapers like *The Emily* have opened a space for the rest of us. They have given us a platform for our concerns, pages to fill with our imaginations, a room of our own. We have only to take it. ♀

## ON HEATHER'S ADVICE

Write me letters.

Write me beautiful, narrative light-filled letters. Recite our time together, did it really occur? It is in a misty haze of emotive passion, for me.

What happened—did time stop? Where did such abundant pleasure, feeling, come from. You fit my every curve, your constant fluidity astounding and delightful.

Mystical, there's no other word to describe our connection. Well, except perhaps explosive, exciting, not of this world or time... need I continue? My bed is much larger than I have ever noticed, now that you are not in it.

When I close my eyes you are, you are there. You surround me. I still feel the lingering warmth of your insistent touch. The softness of your hair against my lips, your mouth on mine. You are ten million miles, an entire lifetime away. I look for you everywhere.

I am raw from where you've touched me. Have healed a wound so deep, I didn't know it existed. I have been the object of other gazes, but yours is the one which penetrated, whom I let see.

You are the safest stranger I have ever known.

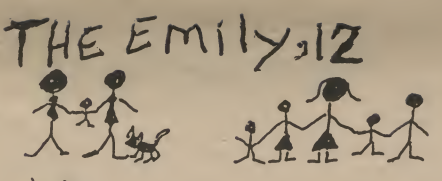
Jacqueline Anne Crummey



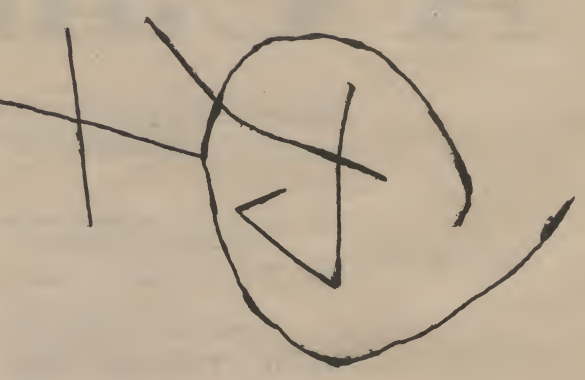




# BILLBOARDS



THE Emily 12



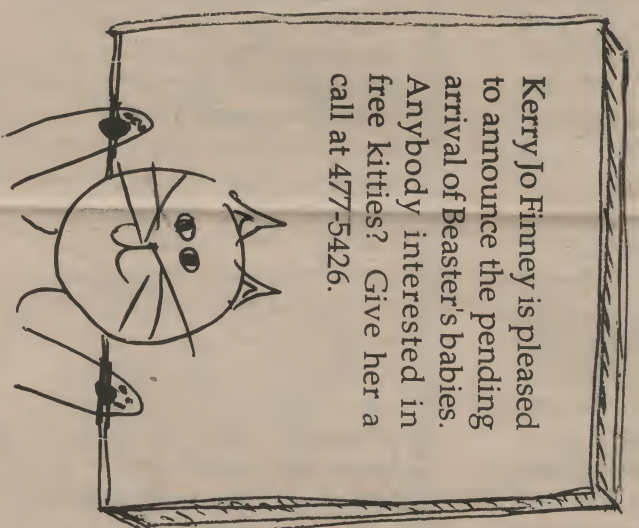
**Wenlido:**  
**Self-defence for Women**  
Sat Mon 20 & /Sun May 21  
10:00-4:30  
**OR** Sat Jun 10 & Sat Jun 17  
10:00-4:30  
Phone 721-8353 or 595-1401

**2nd Annual**  
**Triathlon for Healing**  
*Join as a participant or a volunteer!*

The event is Sunday, June 11, 1995 8 a.m.  
-800 m SWIM  
-22 km CYCLE  
-5 km RUN

The goal of the Triathlon is to increase public awareness regarding sexual assault and sexual abuse issues and to raise funds for much needed services. The triathlon is an opportunity for you to show your support for women and the Victoria Women's Sexual Assault Centre, and to gain satisfaction from knowing that you can make a difference.  
Enter the Triathlon as an individual, or with family, friends or colleagues as a team.  
All triathlon proceeds go to the Victoria Women's Sexual Assault Centre.  
For further info call: Ann Laidman-Race Director at 383-5545 / 658-5208 or Frontrunners at 382-8181.

Watch for future meetings of the **Lesbian Avengers**, the **Gay Pride Parade**, the **Take Back the Night March**, **Women's Night** at Rumours, **Hot Flashes Cafe**...it's a happenin' city.



Kerry Jo Finney is pleased to announce the pending arrival of Beaster's babies. Anybody interested in free kitties? Give her a call at 477-5426.

**"The Dyke Dimension"**  
**A New Radio Show**  
on CFUV 101.9 FM  
Monday nights 8:30-9:00

**Campus Safety Audits**  
(see article page 3)

If you are concerned about safety on campus, your input is needed! UVic Traffic & Security is conducting physical safety audits of campus buildings and areas.  
**Upcoming audits include:**  
MacLaurin A&D Wings - April 12  
Elliott - April 13  
Cunningham - April 18  
Petch - April 19  
Engineering Office Wing - April 24  
For info, phone T&S at 721-8674.

**UVic Women's Centre** is planning a conference for all post-secondary Women's Centres in B.C.! The conference planning committee will begin in May and will last a full 6 months. Help would be appreciated in all areas of planning. If interested, come and sign up in the Women's Centre, SUB room 146.

# BILLBOARDS



# BILLBOARDS

# BILLBOARDS

